So hallowed and ſo gratious is that time.
Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part beleeue it,
But looke the morne in ruſſet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eaſtward hill:
Breake wee our watch vp and by my aduiſe
Let vs impart what wee haue ſeen to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
This ſpirit dumb to vs, will ſpeake to him:
Doe you conſent wee ſhall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitting our duety.
Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know
Where wee ſhall find him moſt conuenient. *Exeunt.*

Floriſh. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Counſaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet cum Aliis.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memory bee greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greeſe and our whole kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe,
Yet ſo farre hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That wee with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our ſelues:
Therefore our ſometime Siſter, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntreſſe to this warlike ſtate
Haue wee as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auſpitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in mariage,
In equall ſcale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue wee herein bard
Your better wiſdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you know yong *Fortinbraſſe*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our ſtate to bee diſioynt, and out of frame
Colegued with this dreame of his aduantage
Hee hath not faild to peſter vs with meſſage

Importing

Importing the ſurrender of thoſ
Loſt by his father, with all band
To our moſt valiant brother, ſo n
Now for our ſelfe, and for this ti
Thus much the buſines is, we ha
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fort*
Who impotent and bedred ſcarce
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe; to
His further gate heerein, in that th
The liſts, and full proportions are
Out of his ſubiect, and we heere
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Va*
For bearers of this greeting to old
Giuing to you no further perſona
To buſines with the King, more th
Of theſe delated articles allow:
Farwell, and let your haſt commen
Cor. Vo. In that, and all thing
King. We doubt it nothing, ha
And now *Laertes* whats the newe
You told vs of ſome ſute, what iſt
You cannot ſpeake of reaſon to th
And loſe your voyce; what would
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy
The head is not more natiue to th
The hand more inſtrumentall to th
Then is the throne of Denmarke to
What would'ſt thou haue *Laertes*?
Lar. My dread Lord.
Your leaue and fauour to returne t
From whence though willingly I c
To ſhow my duty in your Coronat
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty
My thoughts and wiſhes bend aga
And bow them to your gracious le
King. Haue you your fathers le
Polo. He hath my Lord wrung f
By labourſome petition, and at laſt
Vpon his will I ſeald my hard conſ

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22277) LONDON, 1611 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e. 13)